

VIOLENCE ROCKS THE CINEMA

1.50

BARRED

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SHOCKING FULL COLOR PICTURES

KOOK MOVIES

HOTTEST ACTRESS TODAY:

**Elke
SOMMER**

CLIPS SHOW HOW THE
"COOL" REELS ARE
MADE ALONG WITH THE
HOT STUFF!

PAGE THIRTY-FOUR...
CAN GIRLS BE BOUGHT?



VOLUME NO. ONE NUMBER FOUR

BARRED

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THESE CLIPS SHOW HOW THE "COOL" REELS ARE
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WILD

**SCENES THAT
FELL TO THE FLOOR!**



You might have trouble finding some of these pictures . . . but if you succeed it will be well worth the effort!



Planet...

R-294

Jake Troy felt like a fool. The greensun overhead beat down into the enclosed courtyard with a thick wet heat that sent ticklish trickles of sweat down his husky naked body.

The cell had been cool. Walking in this blinding green heat was pure hell.

He swung around at the uniformed alien who was escorting him across the open space toward an elaborate mosaic decorated archway.

"I'm a representative of the Empire! I dropped down onto this bug-eaten planet to pick up a cargo for my ship and you put me in irons. Why?" He looked down at the red metal handcuffs on his wrists and cursed in four languages.

The green skinned alien blinked huge violet eyes and remained silent. He gently prodded Jake's naked white rump with the business end of an efficient looking spear.

Jake fumed. He couldn't even think about escaping without clothes. He could just picture himself running through the streets of this capital city without a stitch on. It must be at least ten miles to the spaceport. Great.

As they neared the archway another naked man was marched out. He was an alien, Jake saw, only in respect to skin color and eyes. In every other respect he was totally human.

Jake's guard motioned for a stop. They watched the other guard herd the naked man to the center of the sun-baked courtyard and force him to kneel.

Then, with a teeth gritting grunt, the guard plunged the foot long blade of his spear into the prisoner's back.

The man screamed and writhed on the ground. Blood . . . red blood . . . flowed down his skin to the red hard packed dirt. The guard leaned his weight onto the solid wooden shaft and twisted viciously. The man screamed hideously and died as the blade found his heart.

Raw fear and nausea churned Jake's belly. What had he gotten into? What chance

of fate had made him decide to set down his old space freighter Helen O' Troy on this backward planet on the edge of nowhere?

The star maps called this ball of mud planet R294 and natives called it Sral. The natives were green, like their sun, and primitive, with a civilization just entering the machine age. Space trade was rare for them since their system was off the main Deneb-Earth trade routes and only marginal free-lance freighters ever bothered with them.

Jake narrowed his eyes and spat in the dust. His attempts to talk with the guard had been fruitless. Either the fellow didn't speak Empire Basic or he was under orders not to talk. The reason for Jake's sudden arrest at the rudimentary spaceport office outside the city was undoubtedly inside that archway.

He felt the razor sharp point of the spear

**HER LARGE PURPLE EYES FLEW
OPEN AND THE MOAN OF PLEASURE
CHANGED TO A CHOKED
SURPRISE...**



again and quickly started toward the ominous doorway ahead.

Inside the portal a ceremoniously garbed priest met him and dismissed the guard. Jake's handcuffs were removed and he was beckoned toward a soft brown chair. The alien priest sat behind an enormously ornate

wooden desk and smiled. As Jake was about to open his mouth and spout irate questions the old alien spoke.

"Are you familiar with our history, Captain Troy?"

Jake got mad, then clamped on control. All this must have a point to it. He went

Continued Page 12

Violence

ROCKS THE SCREEN



TODAY THE PRODUCERS TRY AND MIX VIOLENCE WITH SEX. MOVIE GOERS CLAMOR FOR MORE AND MORE...GRIND THOSE CAMERAS TEASE THE CINEMA GOIN' PUBLIC. IT IS ALL JUST MAKE-BELIEVE!!

WILD AND POWERFUL

THIS TYPE
FILM NEVER MAKES PODUNK, IOWA.





BARRED IN SPAIN!



**ONE GUY SNOOZES WHILE EAGER
BEAVER MAKES TIME...
THESE SCENES
OF COURSE WERE BARRED IN BOSTON!**



**YES, MOVIES ARE BETTER
THAN EVER!!**



**SOME LIKE IT
HOT!**

Sex

WITH JUST THE
RIGHT MIXTURE OF VIOLENCE...
THEATRE AUDIENCES LOVE EACH
GRINDING MOMENT.



BOLDNESS
ACTUAL VIOLENCE





**LEFT TO DIE IN THE FRIDGE!
AFTER MILDRED WAS BEATEN INTO
UNCONSCIOUSNESS...
SHE WAS STUFFED
INSIDE THE KITCHEN ICE-BOX. STARK
SHOCKING PICTURES THAT
THRILL AND SCARE!!**

along with the old one and said no.

"One thousand years ago this planet suffered a horrible war. In those days we knew all the secrets your race knows now. The war destroyed our civilization and reduced the survivors to barbarism. The cream of our remaining scientists banded together and deserted us in the last of our spacecraft. But they left us something."

The old one's face had been impassive, but now he grew agitated. "They left us a white queen to rule and guide us toward civilization again. A white queen who never grew old."

Jake became impatient. "What has this to do with me? A mythical queen doesn't explain why you had me arrested and stripped. For that matter it doesn't explain why a man of your own race was killed out in the courtyard a few minutes ago!"

"Mythical?" The old alien smiled. "She lives! It was she who ordered your seizure. It was she who —" He broke off and stared past Jake.

"Who ordered the man killed in the courtyard for you to see." The voice was smooth and womanly mellow, pitched low and husky. It belonged to a tall voluptuous white skinned woman who stood in a red draped doorway and moodily examined Jake with hot sultry eyes.

Her hair was a lustrous jet black falling in slow rippling waves past her shoulders.

Jake stared back at her with the eyes of an experienced spaceman and the eyes of an experienced lover of beautiful women. The one startling thing about her was the absolute whiteness of her skin. Not just pale from lack of sunlight, it was the color white. Her eyes, smouldering and hungry, were an astonishing purple.

Her figure was lush, even over-ripe, with melon-sized breasts and full round hips and thighs. She was dressed in a flowing diaphanous robe that rippled with the movement of air against her body, alternately revealing and concealing.

Jake stared as if hypnotized. His mind pushed into momentary oblivion the old one's claim that this lovely creature was ten centuries old. She was the most desirable woman he'd ever seen.

"You are my last hope, Captain Troy," she said. "You are here to kill me or suffer the penalty of death yourself!"

For a fraction of a second Jake didn't believe his ears, then he raced his mind for a possible explanation. The tone of voice, the deadly sincerity of her manner and the silence from the priest at the desk told him the meaning of the words was real and stark and simple. She wanted to die, just that, and would kill him if he couldn't oblige.

"Why?" he asked. "What's this all about?"

"Come into my chambers, please. I would talk with you there." Her voice held metal in it. The words were an order, not a request.

Jake was reluctant to get out of the chair which half hid his nakedness. He looked at the old priest. The aged face was non-committal and expressionless. Or was there the hint of a smile flickering around the thin cracked lips?

Jake took a deep breath and stood up. As he strode toward her with all the dignity he could muster, the queen smiled slowly.

Her eyes traveled up and down his tall well-muscled body. "I wonder why I have this strange compulsion, this desire for big men, strong men like you . . . and death."

She led him through the doorway into a plush chamber of low divans, thick carpets and high velvet-draped walls. She reclined on a long low mound of fur covered sofa and motioned him close.

"Ask your questions," she said, running fingertips down his space pale arm, "and I'll answer."

He tried to ignore the disturbing tickle her fingers produced. "Why do you want to be killed? Is this some yearly ritual, a sacrifice?"

"No, I think I'm wearing out. Something inside, some vital part is malfunctioning. Sometimes I say the oddest things. I act insane on occasion. All I really know is that for the past four months I've had this urge, this compulsion to die — die — die, I must die!"

Jake felt his stomach muscles tighten. "Why kill me if I fail? Why did you have that other man killed? What good does it do?"

She smiled indulgently. "The threat of death adds considerable incentive to a task. More so in your case because you have seen how you will die if you fail, too!"

He couldn't help recalling the sight of the spear buried in the ripped, bleeding back of the prisoner. A spot in his own back began to itch.

"I don't know whether to believe all this or not. If it weren't for that old priest and that killing . . . Why was I stripped?"

Again her eyes carressed him. "I don't understand my desires any more. I have weird compulsions that I cannot resist. Something in me is dictating what I do now. I must have love and I must die. They are interwoven some way, there is some relationship . . . perhaps."

She closed her eyes. "I yearn to be possessed. After a thousand years of virginity I feel passion!" Her purple eyes opened wide. "Don't ask 'why?'. I feel this way and that is enough. I feel this was planned by my creators. With every beat of my heart I feel the urge . . ."

She moaned and reached for him but he edged away. He needed information and time to think. The execution in the courtyard haunted him.

Jake frowned. "Are you a thousand years old?"

"Yes. I have ruled this planet for a thousand years. An undying white creation, an android, a thing of laboratory technique and scientific mystery. My flesh is not real flesh, but some kind of blood flows in its veins. I have a skeleton, bones, muscles, but what are they made of? I used to wonder and puzzle about myself. Now all I want is to die."

"Why should I kill you? There must be hundreds of ways you can be killed."

"Idiot! Didn't Yniar tell you? I was built to last this long. I'm indestructible! Here!" She reached under the fur and handed him a long wicked knife. "Take it! Stab me!"

Jake held the knife in his massive fist and looked at her unbelievably. Her eyes were glittering and she threw her arms wide, exposing the white beauty of her body to his attack.

"Thrust! I command you!"

Obediently Jake raised the long blade and brought it down with all his strength and weight behind it. It should have plunged into her body like soft cheese. It was razor sharp but it didn't scratch her white skin. The point skittered off and away like it had hit polished harzanium, the hardest metal in the known universe.

The knife ripped away the light robe she wore. Jake's eyes narrowed. The point had stopped a fraction of an inch from her skin. Involuntarily he shifted his attention from the smooth white skin itself to the swelling flesh beneath it, the shape of it, the desir-

ability of it . . . He wrenched his mind from that road and concentrated again on the major problem.

"What has been done to kill you?"

She slumped back. "I have tried poisons of all kinds and none has any affect. I was advised to leap from the highest cliff, but I remained undamaged. I have been in the hottest furnaces for hours . . . without result. I feel no pain during these periods, nothing. The man you saw killed was a scientist. He could suggest nothing new."

There was a silence as Jake thought furiously. The white queen raised up on her elbows and regarded him with approval. Once again her fingers distracted him as they journeyed languidly over his body.

Experimentally, Jake reached over and touched her skin. It was normally warm and felt in texture like any other, but there was a tiny space between his finger and the surface. He pressed down but the space remained the same.

"Force field, . . ." he muttered, "probably generated by the skin."

"You are a magnificent specimen of manhood," she murmured. "Our men are puny weaklings compared to you." Her hands urged him closer.

"Has anyone ever suggested burying you and just letting you . . . run down?"

She made an impatient gesture. "Of course. It wouldn't succeed because I never have to eat or sleep. I never tire."

"How do you keep going? You must have to eat something sometime!"

"I cannot explain it. It is a fact! I once went fifty years without eating or drinking as an experiment. Oh, I eat, but only for the taste and to pass time. And there are numerous state banquets I must attend." She sighed. "You are not living up to my hopes, Captain. You are thinking like all the others . . . and they were killed."

Jake's mind revved up like a maverick turbine. Thoughts flashed around but nothing came out. He began to feel desperate. This weird, artificial, but all too human and desirable woman really seemed indestructible. Her creators had apparently thought of everything, even an urge toward self-destruction when the delicate tissue mechanisms of her mind and body started breaking down and endangering her people with unwise counsel.

The force field set up by her skin evil-

**"Suddenly they got together,
moulded into a violent spasm"**

dently varied in intensity according to the threat. The five senses could also probably be turned off and on, permitting full contact with the world or total defense inside an impenetrable self-contained shell. How do you beat something like that?

He builders obviously implanted an automatic death-wish to prevent an insane, imperfect ruler, but what was the death method? That was the crucial question. He'd have to answer it or die himself.

"Come into my arms!" she commanded. "If you cannot think of a way to kill me at least satisfy my other compulsion. Give me and yourself pleasure before you die." She leaned forward and pulled him against her opulent body.

Jake surrendered briefly. Her kiss was like alcoholic honey. His mind reeled. If he had to die this just might be worth it.

"Blue eyes," she said, low and husky, breaking the kiss. "I never thought eyes could be blue . . . You are the first Earthman to visit us for a hundred years."

Just my luck, Jake thought. Aloud he said, "I think I know a way to kill you."

"How?"

"Just sit under my spaceship's take-off rockets. I'll raise her a few hundred feet and then land. If that doesn't do it. . ."

She smiled and held him tighter. "You are clever, but I have had others suggest the same thing. The first one got away with it. He took off, but didn't return. The rocket blast didn't harm me."

Jake swallowed and felt an imaginary spear penetrate his back. A cold writhing knot of fear turned over in his belly. This was getting down to the wire.

"If I could have some time to think —"
"No!"

"But what do you gain by killing me? What did you gain by killing those other men your people need to help them?"

"I am the law! They all worship me. They don't want me to die and leave them to freedom. They want me to guide them forever. I think the doctors and scientists gladly died rather than really try to end my life. And they were all too afraid, too reverent, to make love to me."

"Look, I'm not one of your people. I'm a citizen of the Empire. Killing me is a crime.

I'm not under your rule, don't you understand?"

"No! I obey my inner commands. What will the Empire do to me when I kill you . . . kill me?" She laughed shrilly, off key. Her hands grew insistent. "I want love from you now!"

A very ancient classical Earth song he'd heard at a recital years before sang through his mind . . . whatever Lola wants. Lola gets. Give in you fool give in. . . Okay, he thought wryly, resigned, the condemned man met death with a beautiful memory and a tired body.

She groaned with pleasure as he gave himself over to his task. "The first time," she breathed. "This is the first. . ."

A timeless period later when she reached the height of sensation Jake sensed something different about her, something odd. He'd been hoping satisfying her urge for sex would give him a clue somehow to the way she could be killed. If he could only identify that elusive difference!

She was practically unconscious, in a



swoon of ecstasy, and his hands were clutching huge soft mounds of flesh as he hung on and moved with her.

But there was something he couldn't put his finger on that might save his life. He was frantic. What was it?

Then he saw it? The force field was down. Her skin was naked to his touch. There was no space between his skin and hers!

She was vulnerable!

He looked quickly around for the knife. Where had it got to? He caught sight of the old alien priest in the doorway, watching. Their eyes locked as Jake's hand brushed against the cold bone handle of the knife and closed around it.

He couldn't read the expression in the old face. Was it fear, apprehension, or exultation? He raised the knife high, poisoning it. The priest slowly bowed his head.

With a grunt of effort Jake brought it down, plunging it into her white skin, through muscle, between ribs. He never forgot the deadly horrible sound, the quick flat "thunk" as the blade sank home and the curved hilt struck flesh.

Her large purple eyes flew open and the moan of pleasure changed to a choked surprised grunt. He watched her face. She tried to say something but failed. Spasmodic shudders passed through her body. The glow of life faded from her eyes. A thick stream of colorless fluid spurted from the wound in her side.

Jake crawled away from her and felt sick to his stomach. He began to shiver from a cold inner wind and couldn't stop. He looked up at the old priest who hadn't moved.

"I want a good cargo for this job! I hope you're happy! I hope she is. . ."

The old alien was almost in a trance. "Seventy-three men died by failing to see and act as you did."

Jake said nothing. When had he ever felt this tired and weak? He couldn't remember. He stared dully at the floor and let his mind uncoil. He realized her creators had indeed thought of everything. The aberrational desire for sex was the death mechanism. During her climax she was wide open, defenseless.

Jake looked at the priest. "You must have had some warped scientists in the old days. No wonder you had that war." More to himself he said, "Damn! Why did I pick this place to land? She was too human!" He looked around at the beautiful face now peaceful and relaxed in death. "Too damned human!"





COOL

HOT





**From bathtubs to beds,
directors add spice to
their movie mix!
Roll 'em, Cecil!!**



"GALIA"

has it!

"Galia" is sex-laden film shot in Italy. It is the story of a girl named "Galia." The story revolves into a two-gal plot and one guy! Nicole is saved from suicide by Galia. Soon Galia falls in love with the saved girl's husband. The plot thickens and the clothes lighten! The picture is a must for guys that like good lookin' nudes.



Bed close-up affords intimate, but barred shots.



The sun gives Galia an opportunity to tan and lead to fan!

Sex on the rocks!





Early morning romp in her birthday suit! Galia bares all.



Leads in "Galia" are Mireille Darc and Jacques Riberolles. Bedsheets are about all the props required!

VARIED VARIETIES

LOVE MAKING-



Clips from pictures that were barred!!
Too hot for any but the most
sophisticated viewer!





"the Wonderful World of GIRLS"

What would this old globe be like
without 'em? Girls to neck with, to
watch cavort to "in" music. The best
things in life are free!





All these cute nudies are a bit too much for George! He has gotta take the bunch and not just one . . . so George is sittin' and pondering. We should have this guy's problem!



Barred until now!! This pic is a Swedish answer to some of the hot movies that have been coming out of Italy.

MORIanna

Swedish sexsational movie "Morianna" is packed with nice juicy lovemaking scenes. The tale revolves around a Paul Getty-type millionaire and a troupe of hangers-on. The old gent is always threatening to disinherit the whole bunch. His wife by a late marriage is only 40 and of course has a lover! The top star in this flick is Danish sexpot "Lotte Tarp," who plays the role of a very erotic maid. The story is a thriller, with just enough sex thrown in. Directed by Arne Mattsson, who is known in Scandinavia as their "Hitchcock." Mattsson's best known motion picture is "One Summer of Happiness."



Scene shows Lotte and Heinz in a tiff after violent love-play. Near-nude shots were cooled off by U.S. censors!

SUMMER SIN





Bold lad makes advances to his fiancée with nice pan shot showing open blouse . . . exposing those luscious grapefruit!



The old gent is always threatening

Barred movie review.



Danish 20-year old Lotte Tarp gives this Swedish movie much eye-appeal!

**PICTURES AMERICAN VIEWERS
WERE NOT ALLOWED TO SEE!!**



BARRED



French motion picture "Du Rififi à Paname" is a story of gold smuggling, racketeers and gorgeous wenches . . . note pan shot showing bare breasts!



Dany Carrel appears to enjoy cameramen's stares while filming "Trap for Cinderella."



This clip from foreign spice epic "Une Femme Mariée" was barred as too daring . . . note intent look on actor's face! Anyone for knees-sees?



Beautiful Pamela Tiffin plays opposite teen idol Marcello Mastroianni in flick from Italy, "Today, Tomorrow and . . ." Miss Tiffin exudes sex in each turn of the camera. In this film she is almost sold to an amorous sheik! For our money he could fire the rest of the harem!!



Rome screen bomb Mara Maril really explodes on the screen in complex role in Italian picture "Libido." This shot proves blondes DO have more fun!



Lollobrigida gets warmed up in motion picture . . . didn't even take off her hat!

"Mentally he began picturing her in various stages of undress."

Continued from Page 21

starlets for weekend auditions. (Funny the way his thoughts kept coming back to things like that.)

He reported to the flight office. The pretty redhead behind the counter smiled at him, and he smiled back at her. Her face was thin and pleasantly sensuous, and she was wearing a short, tight skirt and a low-cut blouse.

"Hi," she said. "How'd it go?"

"Not bad," he said. "How about a date for tonight?"

She looked startled, then grinned. "You certainly are a fast worker."

"It's the space age," he said. "Things move fast." Besides, I'll probably be in town only a day or two. Then off with my passenger to Seattle."

"Thanks," she said, "but I'm married."

"Oh," he said.

When she bent over the counter to show him where to sign his papers, the low-cut blouse opened some more to reveal creamy-pink breasts cradled in a filmy bra. He scribbled his name and walked away fast, before he started having gland trouble again.

Beautiful girls in shorts and halters were everywhere, and before he got to the Palm Springs Hotel, where he was to check with the executive, Sam Rice was worked up to an almost fever pitch. He entered the plush lobby and went to the desk clerk.

"My name's Sam Rice," he said. "Mr. Abernathy's expecting me."

"Oh yes, Mr. Rice," the man said. "Mr. Abernathy had to leave suddenly. He left a message for you."

Sam took the envelope from the clerk's hand, opened it. Abernathy had to go to Seattle sooner than expected, so he took a regular flight. He wanted to be picked up late the next afternoon for the trip back to Chicago. Meanwhile, Sam could use his room and stay in Palm Springs if he wanted to. All expenses paid by the company, of course.

Sam grinned his pleasure. That "all expenses paid" phrase was like music to his ears. It was one of the fringe benefits of this job.

The room was more than a room. It was a suite, lavishly furnished and decorated. He unpacked his suitcase and hung up his clothes. Then he took a nice warm shower that sent fatigue down the drain, following it with an icy stream that made him feel like a new man again.

He dressed carefully in his best suit and went downstairs to the dining room to eat. It was early for dinner and early for martinis. But he had himself a martini anyway, to get into the mood. He was on his second martini, raising the glass to his lips, when he saw the silver blonde come in, threading her way among the white-sheeted tables. She was the most beautiful girl he'd seen in a long time. The silver tresses were worn in the latest fashion to form a halo for her exquisite face. Her eyes were deep and dark, and above them an eyebrow arched with unerring precision. She had a pert nose just right for nuzzling, and full rich moist lips that cried out to be kissed. Her body was encased in a tight-fitting, expensive-looking dress

that hugged her large firm breasts and hips and stopped just above perfectly formed knees and legs.

His mouth open, still holding the martini glass poised in mid-air, Sam watched the fluid movements of her thighs, the gentle motions of her breasts, as she made her way to a corner table. She seated herself and crossed her legs, giving him an inspiring flash of milk-white thigh. Then she looked up and saw him staring at her.

Sam smiled at her.

She frowned her displeasure and looked away. Not once during the course of the meal did she look back at him. Sam, however, was unable to show as much restraint. He kept looking over at her, his gaze drifting over that marvelous body, his mental fingers caressing those lush curves. He could hardly sit still, her presence hardy him so.

He slipped the waiter a five dollar bill and asked who the young lady was.

"That is Miss Hilary Nolan, sir," he was informed. "Her father owns a lot of real estate in this area. We are pleased that she is staying at our hotel."

**SPICY READING
LUSH FEMMES**
It's all in your favorite
magazine

BARRED

So that was it. She was not only beautiful, she was rich as well. An heiress who could pick and choose her male playmates. Her old man probably owned all or part of this hotel, too. A girl like that wasn't likely to be interested in playing footsies with a poor pilot. Unfortunately.

As he left the restaurant he nevertheless looked back at her, hoping she'd merely been playing hard to get. After all, she couldn't tell he was a peasant just from looking at him. He was staying at a plush hotel, wearing good clothes, eating good food. It was a vain thought. Those dark eyes seemed lost in thought, and they weren't thoughts of Sam Rice.

He went back up to his room for a nap. With a charge account, it promised to be a full evening. He took off his clothing and lay down on the bed — and he thought of the silver blonde down in the dining room. He closed his eyes and thought about how she'd walked across the floor in that fluid, naturally sexy movement that unashamedly cried out to the world that hers was a woman's body ripe for love.

He tried to put thoughts of her from his mind, but the thoughts kept returning. His attention went from one magnificent part of her to another, and mentally he began picturing her in various stages of dress and undress until he began to ache with longing for her.

Sleep was plainly impossible. He put on his swim trunks and went down to the open-air pool. He lay down on a lounge in the sun, put his hands behind his neck and looked around. The only man in the pool was a fat man who was grimly trying to dog paddle. Around the pool, people

of various sexes, sizes and shapes were sprawled on deck chairs or lounges soaking up the hot sun. Some of the girls weren't bad, but it looked like they were all taken.

His attention was caught by a sudden movement, and he turned his full attention to it — and nearly fell out of his lounge chair.

The silver blonde from the dining room was walking — if you could call it that! — into the pool area. She was wearing a short terrycloth robe that must have just reached the bottom of her bathing suit, and the effect was very sexy. Her long curved legs flashed white in the sunlight as she walked to an empty chair. Without glancing around her, she slowly withdrew the robe from her, much as a stripper might.

Sam Rice blinked his eyes and sat up. He was aware that he was acting like a virgin schoolboy, but he couldn't help himself. He'd seen women before, but none like this. She was wearing the skimpiest two-piece bikini imaginable, and she had the body for it. Her breasts were large and firm, straining at the fabric of the halter, almost hanging on for dear life. The bottom part was narrow and thin cloth, stretched taut across her hips.

Sam wasn't the only one watching the girl. The men were looking admiringly, the women enviously. If she was aware of the stares, the silver blonde took no notice. She folded her hair into a swim cap, tightened the straps. Then she stood, poised briefly at the edge of the pool, that same far-away look in her eyes, and dove expertly in. Sam's gaze followed her form through the crystal clear water as she glided effortlessly below the surface across the length of the pool.

She surfaced, swam smoothly about a few times, then climbed up the ladder. The already tight bikini, now wet, was plastered firmly against her skin, outlining every part of her body. Sam felt his breath catch, felt his blood begin to hammer in his temple and through his body.

The girl removed her bath-

CONTINUED



"He eased her back on the couch and his hand reached for the zipper of her dress."

Continued from Page 31

ing cap, shook her blonde tresses in the sunlight, put on her terrycloth robe, and walked from sight. Sam watched her go, and then he closed his eyes and lay back on the lounge, the memory of her still with him, trying to quiet the juices rumbling inside him. Then he went up to his suite and took a cold shower.

That evening he dressed and went out on the town. Everywhere he went there were girls, and he bought a few of them drinks but he just couldn't seem to get with it. He kept comparing them to Miss Hilary Nolan, and they all came out second best. As the night wore on, things became fuzzier and therefore more bearable. He didn't know what plush nightclub it was at, but he was sitting at a piano bar and he looked up and saw a flash of silver hair on the opposite side. His eyes focussed — and there she was, sitting by herself, a cocktail on the pianobar in front of her, a cigarette in her hand. Smoke was lazily drifting through her lovely nostrils, and she had that same distracted look in her dark eyes.

He got up and went over to sit beside her. Time was running out, and he'd had just enough to drink to fortify his courage.

"How come you're always alone?" he asked her.

"How come you don't mind your own business?" she said.

"Because I don't have much time to get acquainted with

you," he said. "I've got to fly to Seattle tomorrow."

"Going to the Fair?" she asked disinterestedly.

"Yeah," he said. "I wanta see if the space needle really looks like a phallic symbol!"

Her eyes widened suddenly and she laughed.

He grinned at her. "That's better. Look, I've got a private plane, a real plush job with a bar and — and well, all the comforts of home. Why don't you take a ride up there with me. It'll be a ball."

"All right," she said without hesitation.

He stared at her, not believing his ears. Then, exuberantly, he said, "Fine. Why don't we go over to my place and have a drink to celebrate."

"Because," she said, slipping off the stool, "I've got other things to do tonight. What time are you leaving tomorrow?"

"At — at noon," he said.

"I'll meet you at the airport," she told him, and before he could protest, she was gone.

He felt frustrated. He'd thought maybe once he'd gotten her up to his cozy little suite, now that he'd melted the ice, they could spend the time together until the plane took off the next day. But there was always tomorrow to think about. He went home to think about it, but he fell asleep instead and dreamed he was making love to Hilary on the wing of the airplane. He fell off and began falling.

When he hit the floor of his bedroom, he awakened to find it was already ten-thirty. He showered and shaved hurriedly and went down to the coffee shop to get breakfast. He learned from the waiter that Hilary had checked out of her room. Probably at the airport, he thought.

Unless she stood him up!

He packed his things and took a taxi out to the airport, where he breathed a sigh of relief. Clothed in high heels and a bright flaring skirt, her silver blonde hair arranged around her bare shoulders, she was waiting for him.

She sat with him in the control cabin until he'd taken off and they were flying high in the sky. He put on the automatic pilot and suggested they go into the main room for a drink.

"That automatic pilot is a wonderful thing," she said as they were sitting on the overstuffed couch together drinking martinis.

"There are some things a human pilot is better for," he said.

"Like what?"

"Like this," he said.

He took her in his arms and kissed those soft, moist, generous lips of hers, exulting in the feel of her body against his. He was surprised but pleased that she didn't resist, but actually joined in the embrace. He could feel the rapid tempo of her heart, and he felt his own breath becoming hoarse and labored.

He eased her back on the couch and his hand reached for the zipper of her dress.

She didn't stop him, but she said, "Sam, I forgot to bring any money with me. Could you give me some?"

"Sure," he said, pulling



down her zipper.

"A hundred dollars?" she said.

"Sure," he said, fumbling with her dress.

Smiling, she helped him. . .

"You mean you're a *call girl*?" he said incredulously, as the Beechcraft circled the airport at Seattle. "But I thought your father —"

"Oh Daddy doesn't give me enough allowance, so I have to earn it."

"But why the hard to get routine?"

"Because it makes it more interesting for the predatory male. I was aware of you staring at me in the dining room, and at the pool and in the nightclub. In fact, I even followed you to the last two places. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not a bit. I was hoping I could initiate you into the Mile-High Club anyway."

"Next time you come through here," she said, "stop by and see me. I'll pay my dues — in trade, of course."

"Dues are payable in advance," he said seriously.

She glanced at the rumpled couch in the large cabin. "Do we have time?"

Sam Rice switched on the automatic pilot. "I'll make time," he said.

And he did, too.

"It's all part of a lay-away plan, with Blue Chips yet!!"





You only gets what you pays for!!



CAN GIRLS BE...

BOUGHT?



THE KIND OF GALS YOU DREAM ABOUT!

Each one of these females has a price! From the office fling with a very expensive dinner as the lure . . . to the professional who asks for and gets 125 bucks. This is for a complete evening's frolic! Of course the high priced dish is something special . . . a real looker and shape you'll remember for years after your fling.

SPECIAL BARRED COLOR



the "ICE BOX
MURDER",



**THE MOST
UNIQUE AND
INCREDIBLE
FILM EVER
MADE!**



goddess

For a night or a dream?

By definition (Webster's) a goddess is 1) A female god. 2) A woman of great charms, or one whom one adores.

The young ladies appearing on these pages may or may not be female gods. Nor do we have any way of knowing if they are adored (though in our considered opinion they certainly should be). But, again in our considered opinion, we most definitely feel they are "of great charms," some of greater charms than others here and there, depending on where one chooses to look — upward, downward, forward, backward, and so on.

We all know that the ancient Greeks endowed their gods and goddesses with all their own human foibles, and from what mythology tells us their gods and goddesses spent more time of foiling than anything else up there on Olympus.

The Greeks even had special gods and goddesses for special foibles, one of the prettiest being Aphrodite, Goddess of Love. Notice, they didn't choose a god for this department but a goddess. This was because the Greeks always had a word for it, and it was always the right word, as in this case — Goddess.



GILT EDGED



"DON'T TELL MOTHER"



FUNNY

WHEN A
"GIRLIE" MOTION PICTURE IS BEING
MADE, THE CAST REALLY HAVE FUN...
PARTY TIME GOES ON "OFF CAMERA"
ALL THE TIME!!

WOW





**"From the land
of sky-blue waters"**





Pussycat Alley

...where



everything happens!



THERE IS A SIZZLING, SHOCKING SIN-FILLED PLACE...
A PLACE WHERE EVERY MAN GOES...



THE STORY

Billa and Ginnie share a flat together in London, a comfortable, extravagantly feminine private haven from their exposed public lives as night club hostesses. Ginnie is a bubbling, childishly capricious, extrovert personality; Billa is older, more cynical yet oddly more vulnerable. In their search for emotional stability, both have grown deeply interdependent. Billa, embittered by her failure to achieve any kind of satisfactory or lasting friendships with men is increasingly disturbed at Ginnie's involvement with a young business tycoon, Bob Shelbourne, who is infatuated with her. The pattern of their days is disrupted by Ginnie's constant dates; Billa tries to advise her against becoming involved in any permanent arrangement with a man.

In Bob Shelbourne, Ginnie believes she can fulfil both her craving for affection and her dream of a luxurious life. But Bob has never moved out of the shadow of his father's domination, nor has he found happiness with the rich, beautiful, socialite wife his father has chosen for him and from whom he is now estranged. His relationship with Ginnie shows flashes of the promise of real happiness, but she refuses to believe that he takes her seriously until Bob finally arranges for her to meet his father in order to find her a job in the organization. When Shelbourne realizes how seriously Bob is involved with the girl he deliberately insults him by offering her the position of 'hostess' to the firm's clients. Bob furiously refuses the offer, defying his father for the first time in his life.

Billa, meanwhile, is with her father who has come up to London to take her to an Old Vic matinee. Billa has been left to her own devices since childhood because her

father, unable to face life, has never been competent to guide or advise her. All affection and understanding between them has long since faded, yet Billa yearns to confide in someone close to her. Because of the chasm of incomprehension between them, Billa is awkward and deliberately sarcastic; wanting to shock her father she tells him about the life as a hostess, but he refuses to be shocked by this hysterically overstated account of herself, retreating into the excuses he cannot condemn her as he has failed as a parent.

Later, when Billa's father has left the flat, Ginnie arrives in a whirl of excitement; Bob has bought tickets for them to fly to the Bahamas. She finds Billa in tears. She tells Ginnie that she is pregnant and desperately needs her support and affection. Ginnie realizes that she cannot possibly go through with the Bahamas escape and pretends that she has been persuaded into going on the trip against her better judgment.

When Bob arrives to pick Ginnie up, having finally broken with his wife, Billa confronts him with the lie that Ginnie has gone out. Bob refuses to believe this and waits outside the flat. But the two girls elude him by leaving for the club through a side entrance.

Bob goes back to the club and manages to persuade Ginnie to leave with him. Back at his flat Ginnie, aggressively drunk, dismisses Bob's protestations of love as insincere and flagrantly invites him to make love to her to prove it.

When Billa arrives at the flat at the end of the night, she is horrified to find Ginnie lying in the bath with her wrists slashed. The doctor declares that she has bungled the attempt on her life and will quickly recover. When he has left, a distraught Billa berates Ginnie for her stupidity. To each of them comes the realization that their only chance of future happiness lies with each other.



Sylvia Syms stars in "Pussycat Alley"

What happens in this picture cannot ever be imagined (not in 9 lives!)

Edward Judd and June Ritchie in one of many torrid scenes



NEVER on THURSDAY

FICTION

THAT GRANDFATHER NEVER WOULD HAVE APPROVED!

Barry thumbed the button and grinned with anticipation as the elevator began taking him up to Suite 413. Lighting a cigarette he started to wonder what new tricks Gloria would show him tonight. Every time it was something different — she must have been weaned, he decided on the Kama Sutra!

The elevator was slow and cranky and Barry found his mind wandering as the cage wheezed up the narrow shaft . . .

When he and Laura had got married they'd decided to be sensible about things. After all, they weren't exactly starry-eyed kids who thought a honeymoon could go on forever.

So they made a sensible arrangement.

They would have one night a week off. Just one evening when each of them would be free to go their own way like they did before they got married. They picked Thursday.

Do what you like, go where you like, meet who you like. That was their arrangement — and that included no awkward questions next morning!

Barry sighed. Sometimes he felt just a tiny bit guilty. But, what the hell, a guy had to have his piece of fun every now and again!

The elevator shuddered to a stop. The gates jammed as usual and Barry cursed silently as he heaved them apart. Stubbing out his cigarette, he started along the passage for Suite 413 . . .

Laura was probably watching some drive-in movie right now, he figured. He'd seen her take her car out just before he left. Barry grinned to himself — well she could do what she liked, the arrangement applied to both of them. Why shouldn't she enjoy herself? Still you never knew with dames — she might have gone over to her sister's place for a spot of baby-sitting.

His hand trembled slightly as he jabbed the bell-push. Every Thursday night, regular as clock-work, he rang the bell of Suite 413 and, every time, Gloria was there waiting for him . . .

The room was warm and lush. A little over ornate, perhaps, but sensuously inviting to the male ego. All white and gold with deep fur rugs and heady perfume. And a bed.

Barry's pulse started to race as he looked at the girl. Gloria's negligee matched the decor — a soft white silk

at the waist and quickly shrugged off her negligee. The filmy garment floated to the floor like swansdown and he had a glorious vision of Gloria's naked breasts softly haloed in the light of the bedside lamp.

Her skin was warm and vibrant as she pressed her body against him and Barry could feel her softness yielding as he clasped her tightly.

"It's been a long time, honey . . ." she whispered.

"Only a week, baby, only a week. It was last Thursday . . ."

"It seemed like forever."

Barry's hand slid up from her waist moving gently and excitingly across her full thrusting breasts. Gloria shivered

CONTINUED



that cascaded in a froth of frills to her ankles like a mountain waterfall, with fur-trimmed collar and sleeves. It was entrancingly transparent. The soft rise of her firm young breasts, tipped by the dark peaks of her nipples, thrust eagerly against the thin material as if threatening to burst through the silk in their anxious quest for freedom.

He glimpsed a quick flash of slim white thigh as Gloria sat down on the bed and he swallowed hard.

For some unknown reason he thought of Laura again as he slipped off his jacket. He could just see her watching the movie right now — or maybe sitting in front of the teevee doing her baby-sitting . . .

Soft warm arms slid gently around his neck and Barry found himself being drawn down into the yielding invitation of the big double bed. Gloria's perfume tingled in his nostrils as he nibbled the lobe of her ear.

She straightened up for a moment, unfastened something

This couple picked a day for play . . . Thursday it was . . . and so begins a "tale."



**Six sexy sirens without
men and that cactus
doesn't provide the
point they crave?!!**

**What's a picnic without
a pickle...jar?**



at the touch and ground her hips against him with a groan of tortured impatience. Hugging her tightly in his arms, Barry kissed her with suddenly unleashed passion.

Reaching out over the bed she flicked off the light and the sudden darkness heightened the intimacy of their contact. Barry's hand slid gently down over her waist, glided softly across the smoothness of her hips and retraced its tingling path upwards again. He heard Gloria's long drawn out sigh and felt her body stiffen against him . . .

"Don't keep me waiting, baby . . . please . . ."

His lips silenced her murmured plea with abrupt gentleness and Gloria's fingers clawed into his shoulders as the smouldering fire of desire leaped into flame.

But Barry was in no hurry and his skillful fingers brought the girl to new heights of exquisite ecstasy that sent an electrical tingling racing through her blood to every part of her hungry body.

She felt his hands on her breasts again and a strangled cry choked in her throat. His fingers slid down the vibrant mounds with tantalizing slowness and she arched herself forward as if urging him to hurry.

Barry traced his finger lightly over her nipples, painting an invisible circle around each sensitive tip until Gloria's rapid breath signalled the moment to stop . . .

Suddenly they were together, moulding with each other in a violent spasm of animal heat. Barry felt her hips move gently and his arms tightened around her soft warm body . . .

"Hasn't your wife found out about us yet, baby?" Gloria asked as she took a cigarette from a box on the bedside table.

"When we got married we made an arrangement - and tonight is just part of it."

Barry looked a little smug as he flicked the flame of his lighter and held it forward for her.

"Laura and me aren't like that, honey," he grinned. Lighting a cigarette for himself he leaned back on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. "When we got married we made an arrangement - and tonight is just part of it."

"You mean she knows?"

"Well, not quite. We just have one night a week off and do what we like . . ."

Gloria stood up and began fastening her negligee. Her breasts looked less inviting in the strong glare of the room lights and Barry looked away.

"See you next Thursday then, darling," she said casually. "I guess Thursday's the night you have this . . . arrangement."

Barry didn't answer. Stubbing out his cigarette, he picked up his jacket and slipped it on. He could hear Gloria in the bathroom as he walked across to the door. She didn't come out but he heard her calling out shrilly above the sound of the running water:

"Leave the bills under the clock, darling. Same as usual. Don't be late next week, I've got a busy schedule . . ."

He closed the door quietly and walked down to the elevator. He started thinking of Laura again. Sure, the arrangement was okay, but perhaps he ought to tell her what was happening. She was probably still sitting in that drive-

HOT NEW STORY



BY EDWIN A. GRAY





Mix a gorilla with pert young things and you've got a winner . . . as our British cousins say, it's beastly good, what!



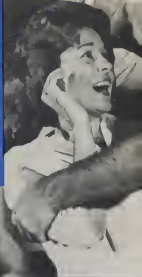
SYNOPSIS

What started out to be a wonderful happy week-end at a sun-bathing camp turned into three days of terror, when a giant beast with a hate for women found his way into the forest that surrounded the lake.

When the first killing was discovered, the police began a search for a sex maniac, which did not help the reputation of the camp at all. But on the second night the monster missed his mark and, after throwing his intended victim's husband off the dock, ran off into the woods, leaving her to tell the police what the killer really was.

When this news got around, it really cleaned the camp out, leaving the police to try to capture the mad animal. It was decided that a female decoy would be necessary, so an attractive policewoman was assigned the unhappy job of sleeping down by the lake. Not knowing of the trap, the beast attacked once again, but was killed before he could do too much harm.

Knowing that the terror was over, the members returned to the camp and undressed again, hoping the bright sunlight would blot out the memory of the things that had happened.





CINEMA SCOOP



SCREEN CASANOVAS IN ACTION!



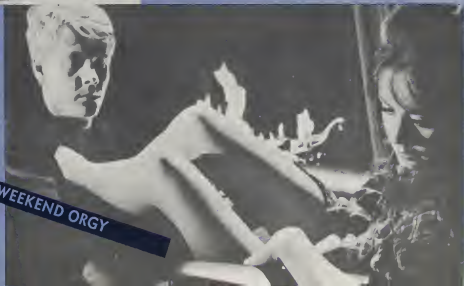
These pictures shook up the gentlemen who clip out objectionable scenes. They barred half of these European pictures . . .



One important ingredient . . . sex!



"THE WILD ONE"



WEEKEND ORGY



Screen tease, Rosanna Schiaffino
in Italian movie "La Mandragola"



THERE IS
NOTHING
LIKE A

**Dame, to put meaning
in a picture. After all,
they do add the motion
...cut!**

One important ingredient . . . two
people of the opposite sex!
Beds are the main prop?!
Directors know what motion picture
fans want. Viva amour!

**"She knows every
trick there is!"**

in movie right now thinking he was out playing poker with some of the boys from the office . . .

The elevator gates were jammed again and he forced them open with an impatient snarl.

"Looks like you've been having a heavy night."

Barry looked round and realized that there was another guy riding down in the elevator. He didn't know what to answer but, somehow, he felt suddenly lonely. He nodded.

"You ought to find a dame like the one I've got," the other passenger grinned. "Boy, is she something!"

"Does she live here?" Barry was not in the habit of making intimate conversation with a total stranger but he was oddly intrigued.

"Not quite. Like she's got a room here but I figure she lives somewhere on the other side of town . . ."

"What makes you think that?" Barry asked.

"Well to begin with, she's only here on Thursday nights . . ."

Barry didn't hear the rest of the sentence. He could feel a pulse beating in his head as a crazy idea flashed through his mind.

The elevator groaned to a stop on the ground floor and the gates clattered open with wheezing reluctance. Barry walked to the entrance with the stranger. The guy was still talking . . .

" . . . take it from me, friend, she's right on the ball. I guess she knows every trick there is - and a few more beside." His hands gestured the time honored way. "What a figure! Those hips and those breasts . . ."

"What's her room number?" Barry broke in.

"54 . . . and remember, she's only there Thursday nights . . ."

They were standing on the sidewalk outside the apartment block but Barry was a million miles away. It couldn't be . . . and yet . . .

A sharp elbow in the ribs brought him back to reality. His new-found companion nodded towards the entrance.

"You're in luck, Mac," he grinned. "Want to do some window shopping - she's just coming out."

Barry felt a sudden surge of blood rush to his face as he saw Laura come down the steps and walk over to her car. For a moment hot boiling anger took control of his body and his hands clenched tightly. He stepped off the sidewalk towards the car and then -- he stopped!

Barry was grinning as he rejoined his companion. Funny why he'd never thought of their arrangement that way before . . . but if he did, why shouldn't she! He turned to the other guy.

"What room did you say it was?"

"542 . . . and remember, she's only there Thursdays."

"I'll remember," Barry nodded. "Funny thing, that's the only night I've got free . . ."

He walked across to his car and unlocked the door. Looking in the mirror he grinned to himself. Laura was going to get quite a surprise next week when he rang the bell for Room 542 . . . !



IT'S BABY WEEK



FILMS THAT MADE THE CENSORS BLUSH



"All I said was peace!"

She's an M&M girl . . . she won't melt in your hands, but she'll melt in your mouth.

What would you have if you had a big green ball in each hand? You'd have the Jolly Green Giant madder than hell.

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today. If you enjoy it today, you can do it again tomorrow.

This Texas bird was a roadrunner, and he often killed rattlesnakes just for fun. On this day he was in an amorous mood, so he attacked the first lark he saw and she went away singing merrily, "I'm a lark and I've been sparked." Then he found and downed a dove, and she flew away singing happily, "I'm a dove and I've been loved." Then a duck came walking by, and after a lot of commotion and flying feathers, the duck waddled away muttering, "I'm a drake and there's been a big mistake!"

Mama was canning, so she sent little Johnny to the drug store to get her a dollar's worth of rubbers. They handed him the package and little Johnny opened it on the way home . . . and back he came to tell the druggist, "You made a mistake. Mama is canning peaches, not cucumbers!"

Criticizing a man's virility is hitting below the belt.

A man is as old as the girl he feels . . .

GOLD DIGGER: A girl who's got what it takes to take what you've got.



"How about that. All my life I've been warned about men, but they always left out the best part!"



Some current movies to get your

KICKs

.... with!!



WRITING: JEAN MARAIS, GENEVIEVE PAGE, AGNES LAURENT

... The New French Stair!



Glass in hand, just out of the shower, this couple decided to Watusi . . . yeah, it works up the latent urges! . . . This French pic was barred in Paris, but made Hollywood.



IMPACT !!



Kiss me, says heroine in East German epic "Wall of Sin." Note haystack in background!!

A guy sometimes chooses the wrong day! Scene in "Rouge Cherie."



Wonderful-



SOFT



Low cut gowns mean high revenue at the box office!

Now or never is the big question on Mastronni's mind! Oh, go ahead, it's only a movie!



YOU
HAVE TO
SEE IT
TO BELIEVE
IT!



**PARIS IN
THE RAW**





"AND THESE TWO ARE SOMETHING SPECIAL.
THEY'VE THAT MOUTH WATERIN' GOODNESS!"



"GEE, MR. PARELLI, IT'S SURE NICE OF YOU TO
TEACH MY WIFE HOW TO SWIM."

The white truck with the red lettering on its side went scurrying down the dusty desert road. Overhead, the sun was a hot ball. The concrete highway shimmered in rising tides of air.

At the wheel, Don mapped his forehead.

"Hot," his companion said.

Don nodded silent agreement. He forced a grin, glancing at his companion. Marlo certainly looked a lot cooler, but then she was dressed for it.

She was wearing a brief halter that barely contained her generous breasts. Her midriff was bare and smooth, and her hips were encased in tight-fitting short shorts that seemed to be sprayed on.

He allowed his eyes to drift down over her slim, tanned legs, and he felt a familiar longing rise within him.

"You'd better keep your eyes on the road," she suggested, though it was obvious his attention pleased her.

His grin widened, and he turned his gaze to the road ahead. But his memory was still olive with the vision. More than ever he was aware of the intense femininity of her. In the close confines of the truck cab he could smell the perfume of her long black hair, almost feel the heat of her body so close to his she pressed her warm thigh against him.

It seemed like such a short time ago that they had been stronger. But a lot can happen in a world gone mad, and they found themselves drawn together and united by a kinship that went beyond reason. She was a lovely girl, and he recalled the first night she had come to him.

It had been in an open field, under a skyfull of stars. He had kissed her gently, then more insistently. Their hands and lips and tongues and bodies had sought each other, had found each other. They made beautiful, violent, passionate love—and for a moment it had seemed as though the world had not changed at all, that it was the same as it had

always been.

But the world was different, Don knew. Up ahead of them, in the desert road, he saw a grim reminder.

"Trouble," he muttered.

Marlo nodded, instantly alert. "I see it," she said. She reached down along the seat and brought up the twenty-two automatic rifle. She held it ready by the open window.

"I'll head right for them, as though we're going to crash through," he said. "Then I'll swerve around."

She nodded wordlessly and checked the rifle to make sure it was ready to fire. Despite the serious-

DESERT

Blood

"THE WILDEST STORY







Making a girlie picture is a behind-the-scenes barred sexclusive. "Pool Pet" was made in the suburbs of Hollywood where the shooting is good. Sunshine is good for pets, especially poolside pets!



The lead gets dunked. It's one way to cool off after a hot day's work.



desert

Blood

ness of the situation, Dan felt a glow of admiration for her. Marla was quite a girl, all right. She was built like a movie queen and she was an expert at the art of love, but she also knew how to handle a rifle. It was nice being with her, especially at night when they could relax and find peace in each other's arms. He knew it would be a lasting relationship. They would be together always. Perhaps there would even be children to help clean up the mess the world had become.

Ahead of them lay a roadblock, piles of timber and rack placed in the road to block their path. Off to one side, in the gray dirt of the desert, four men waited as the truck bore down on them.

"Careful," Marla warned. "A couple of them have guns." She gripped the rifle tightly, holding it ready.

The truck didn't slacken its pace down the dusty road. Overhead, the sun was starting to dip toward the maintained horizon, but the air was still hot. The two armed men in the road raised their weapons. The other two men waved their arms to signal the truck to stop.

Dan stomped on the brakes, swung the steering wheel.

"Hang on!" he cried.

Marla hung on and ducked. The truck decelerated swiftly, skittered around the roadblock down the slight incline onto the dirt alongside the road. It hit a hole, bounced, teetered precariously on two wheels, righted itself. Dan pulled at the wheel, fighting for control, pressed his foot into the accelerator, and the car leaped toward the road again.

Once on the road, Dan glanced in his side-view mirror at the gaunt, white-faced men outside, shouting and waving their fists at the fleeing truck. Then the figures dwindled into distance.

He sighed his relief. "They didn't fire at us," he said.

Marla grunted. "Probably no ammunition."

"Or maybe they'd rather use it on rabbits," Dan said. "Food is pretty scarce these days."

"Vultures," she said, disgustingly, "that's what they are. Human vultures! Why would they want to stop a bloodmobile?"

"You can't really blame them," Dan said, sympathetically. "Hungry men are desperate. And there are a lot of hungry men in the world today."

"Far blood?" Marla said, with a grim smile.

"No, of course not," Dan said quickly. "But they could take the blood supply and sell it. The few hospitals in operation need all they can get."

The bloodmobile sped down the silent desert road. Out here, it was as though there had been no war, no sudden attack, no hydrogen bombs dropped. The desert stretched around them on all sides, and in the distance lay the mountains bathed in a blue afternoon haze. Beyond the mountains were the skeletal remains of the cities, and any survivors unfortunate enough to be still alive.

The attack had come suddenly, unexpectedly. Entire cities were wiped out in a boiling cloud of atomic fire. Radioactive winds swept across the continent, setting fires, killing, maiming, mutating.

Dan felt sick at the memory of his visit to the last city. He recalled the people he had tried to take care of—people that hardly resembled human beings any more, with the flesh peeling from their bodies, great running sores cracked and bleeding—

And then there were the others—the ones who had not changed outwardly, but whose minds had changed, whose metabolisms had altered, whose needs and desires were no longer human. These were the ones you had to be careful of. He was grateful to have found Marla, someone like himself. She represented a normal, sane area in the nightmare world that surrounded them.

"There's something up ahead," Marla said.

The bloodmobile truck slowed. Dan peered into the deepening gloam. The sun was a red eye hovering at the horizon.

"It looks like an animal," he said, squinting. It was lying beside the road.

"Maybe it's dead."

"We'd better take a look. It's open country, so there's no chance of an ambush. Better have the rifle ready, though, just in case."

Marla picked up the automatic rifle and held it in her hands. The truck slowed as it neared the prone figure stretched alongside the road. Its shape was like a man's, but it was naked and covered with hair.

"What is it?" Marla asked.

She shivered apprehensively and came closer to him as though seeking protection. Her bare skin brushed against him, and he felt needles of delicious fire. He thrust aside these thoughts. There would be time for that later.

He stopped the truck. "It looks like it was human at one time," he said, matter-of-factly. He took a snub-nosed .38 caliber pistol from the glove compartment. "Let's take a look, but be careful."

They climbed from the truck and warily approached the thing on the ground. It was lying face down, unmoving. Despite the thick matted hair at it, Dan could see that the creature was human—or had been at one time before the bombs fell. It had an animal odor about it, and he began to wish they hadn't stopped but had gone right on. But it was too late now, and besides the thing was probably dead from the desert heat.

"Don't get too close," he warned.

Marla reached out with the rifle barrel to prod the creature. The muzzle sang into the hair and touched solid flesh. The flesh moved.

"Look out!" Dan cried.

Marla recalled, but the creature had already whirled and grabbed the rifle barrel, pulling the weapon from her grasp. The gun clattered to the ground. Marla shrank back, her face white and terrified as the creature leaped to its feet.

"Marla, get out of the way!"

She heard the voice, but suddenly she couldn't move. She felt paralyzed at the sight of what had once been a man but was now something else. Something with a face that was hair and round red eyes and saliva-flecked fangs. Something with a smell of death and decay that made her stomach churn in protest. She just stood there, unable to move as the creature leaped at her.

She felt the creature's nails rake her flesh, catch in her skimpy halter, rip the thin garment from her body. Her white breasts fell free, large and firm, and the creature hesitated for an instant.

During that instant, Dan fired the pistol. Once. Twice. The creature shrieked in pain, then fell.

"Let's get out of here," Dan said.

Marla nodded, still too terrified to speak. He helped her into the truck, closed the door. They drove off into the darkness of the desert.

"We'd better stop and rest for the night," Dan said, after awhile.

They pulled off the road and drove a half mile into the desert. The truck stopped.

"You okay?" Dan said, worried.

"I'll be all right," she said, forcing a smile.

It was dark now, and the desert heat was quickly dissipating. They went into the rear of the truck, locked the door, turned on the lights. Battles of refrigerated blood lined the walls. A small bed was in the center of the room.

Marla lay on the bed. "It's been a long day," she said.

He sat down beside her. "Yes," he said.

She nestled into the circle of his waiting arms, and he felt her body trembling. He comforted her. He began caressing her warm flesh, thrilling to her responses. She put her arms around him, her breasts massaging his chest, and kissed him passionately on the mouth, her teeth biting his lips, forcing them open. His hands moved along the smooth skin of her back, down to the tight shorts and the zipper that held the wisp of cloth to her firm body. She pulled him down to the bed with her, and for another while they were just man and woman, doing the normal, wonderful things that a man and woman do when they are in love. . . .

Afterward, Dan said, "How about a drink?"

"I could use one," she said.

Dan went to the refrigerator. "It's fantastic," he mused. "It's been only six months since the bombs were dropped."

Marla nodded. "It took nature millions of years to get us to where we were—and in a matter of months, man changes everything by tampering with the laws of nature." She shrugged. "But let's face it. We've all made the world the mess it is today, and we're stuck with it."

Dan returned with two glasses, handed one to Marla.

"Cheers!" he said.

"Cheers!" she agreed.

His gums hurt where the new teeth were growing in, but Dan ignored it. There were compensations. It was strange. He had never realized before how nourishing, how pleasantly tasty, a glass of rich, red blood could be!

* * *

I grabbed her around the waist
And on the bed I threw her . . .
The damndest sight she'd ever seen,
I took it out and showed her . . .

—Shortfellow

* * *

As soon as Joe put everything he had
in his wife's name, he discovered his
wife had a young boy friend who was
putting everything he had in Joe's wife.

* * *

A realtor's daughter
Is Pollybell Potts,
It's none of his business
When she loves you lots.

* * *

1st Cannibal: Enjoying your dinner?
2nd Cannibal: Oh, I'm having a ball.

* * *

Have you noticed how many films
marked "For Adults Only" are about
a 17-year-old boy and a 16-year-old girl?

* * *

Tommy Tourist and his bride rented a
camel in Cairo, so they could ride out and
see what a hump was like in the desert.

* * *

The old man's darling was practicing
geriatrics. It killed him but he died happy.

* * *

A girl and boy squirrel were
chattering and playing around like
crazy when a fox darted out of a bush
and speeded toward them. The girl
squirrel quickly ran up a tree. The boy
squirrel stayed on the ground.
"That's odd," said the fox. "Squirrels are
afraid of me and usually run up trees."
"Listen, Bud," said the boy squirrel,
"Did you ever try to climb up a tree
when you were in love?"

Two buxom heffers were relaxing in
the farmers pasture when suddenly
one of them peered over her shoulder
and said to the other:

"Better move away from me Ton-
delayo. The crosseyed bull is around
and we don't want him to come charg-
ing and miss us both again."

The hottest chick in
movies today . . .
the script isn't important
if Elke is on tap!



ELKE SOMMER HOTTEST!





A BASIC BEAUTY !



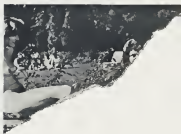
FRESHER





SOME LIKE IT COOL





"MAY
START AN UPRISING AMONG
RED BLOODED MEN"

READ FOR KICKS

WATCH FOR OUR COMPANION
MAGS EACH MONTH... EXPOSE AND
SHOCKIN' TRUTH... READIN' YOU'LL
ENJOY

**WILD BREED • SHOCKER •
BANNED • SHOCKING WORLD
• BARRED TODAY'S BREED**

KEEP UP WITH
MOVIES YOU
PROBABLY
DON'T SEE...



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